

The Historie

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-
set upon them, they all runne away, and
Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away
too, leaving the bootie behinde them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theenes
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along, we're not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poin. How the rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to bee
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of
the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous,

Why that's certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe,
to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle dan-
ger, we plucke this flower safetie.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue na-
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too
light, for the counterposse of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so. I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frottie spirited rogue is
this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the gene-
rall course of the Action. Zouades and I were now by this rascall,
I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my
father, my vnckle, and my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the
Dowglas? haue I not at their letters to meete me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-
ward alreadie? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel: Ha, you
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to
the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide
my

of Henry

my selfe, & go to buffets, for
with so honorable an action. I
are prepared: I will set forwar
How now Kate, I must leaue

Lady. O my good Lord, w
For what offence haue I this f
A banisht woman from my H
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't
Thy stomake, pleasure, and t
Why dost thou bend thine ey
And start so often when thou
Why hast thou lost the fresh
And giuen my treasures and
To thicke eyde musing, and cu
In thy faint slumbers, I by the
And heard thee murmur tales
Speake tearmes of mannage to
Cry courage to the field. And
Of sallies, and retyres of tren
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, para
Of basilisks, of canon, culueri
Of prisoners ransome, and of
And all the currents of a hedd
Thy spirit within thee hath bin
And thus hath so bestird thee
That beds of sweat haue stood
Like bubbles in a late disturbe
And in thy face strange motion
Such as we see when men restr
On some great suddaine haste.
Some heauy busines hath my L
And I must know it, else he lou

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hot

Hot. Hath Butler brought t

Ser. One horse, my Lord,

Hot. What horse, Roane?

Ser. It is my Lord.